

HOTEL DIRECTORY

The card of one first class hotel in each town will be inserted in this column, and a copy of the Weekly Graphic sent free on receipt of \$3.00. The Graphic goes to a large list of leading hotels in the west, and is read by traveling men, making it a decidedly valuable medium for hotels.

Correspondence, news items and interesting personal items desired. Address Weekly Graphic, Kirksville, Mo.

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EDITORIAL GRAPHICS

THE Georgia Minstrels are at Milan this week.

Col. Kutzner, of Memphis, Mo., recently returned from a visit to Arkansas.

MILAN has an intelligence office for the convenience of those who want employment.

HATCH is a man of ability. He has shown a remarkable aptitude for skipping appointments, when Glover was around.

THE Hannibal Courier, which it was supposed would either be neutral or favor Hatch in the present race is doing some good work for Glover.

The custom of calling round to chastise the editor every time a newspaper says something that don't happen to suit, has received several severe set backs recently.

THE Trenton Republican says that the plank in the republican state platform on the whiskey question "is a miserable compromise and a fraud."

THE Milan Republican, is out on the the Prohibition shoot and has repudiated the republican nominees. Puterbaugh has sole charge of the Republican, his late partner having retired.

We had supposed that Prof. Furguson the talented but erratic lecturer was dead, but we see he has been lecturing in Memphis recently. He is a fine talker.

WE understand that the Unionville folks have raised a fund to secure first class free lectures this winter. It is such is the case the enterprise of Unionville "folks" is truly commendable.

THERE is no great loss without some small gain. The one congressman gained in Maine and two in West Virginia, together with three or four more we may gain in other border states will help offset in a measure our loss in Ohio.

THE following prisoners were sent to the Penitentiary at the recent term of the Macon circuit court: C. E. Jones, alias Cyrus Joseph—horse stealing plea of guilty, 3 years. George Ford, horse stealing, 2 years. J. Maloy, rape, 5 years.

SOME of our Greenback friends are so devoted to "principle" that they can't bear the idea of defeating Hatch by supporting Glover. Hence they have trotted out a new political crank from up the road to repeat the blunder made by the republicans four years ago. No doubt Hatch thanks them for it from the bottom of his heart.

A FULL account will be found in our inside of the tragedy that occurred in St. Louis last Friday by which Col. Slayback, a prominent democratic politician came to his death at the hands of the managing editor of the Post-Dispatch. It is a deplorable affair but we do not see how it could be avoided under the circumstances. When one man seeks another with hostile intentions, and penetrates to his office on such an errand, he takes his chances and must abide the result. Most men would have done exactly as Mr. Cockerell did under the same circumstances and surroundings.

The following epigrammatic and pithy correspondence passed between two gentlemen in New York. One was a stalwart and one of the 306 in the Chicago Convention, the other everybody knows as this country's most noted preacher. The letters grew out of Beecher's sermon on the methods of Folger's nomination:

DEAR MR. BEECHER: You made an ass of yourself yesterday.

AMOS. W. LEARNED, REPLY.

DEAR SIR: The Lord saved you the trouble of making an ass of yourself by making you an ass at the beginning, and His word stands sure.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

THE MACON REUNION.

Macon Republican

The skies were gloomy Tuesday morning, and the earth wet with the rains, but the soldiers undaunted by the weather, commenced to come in on the trains during the night from all the points of the compass. The first to arrive was a squad from Winchester, Illinois, next was a company of seventy-five from Montgomery county, and during the day soldiers and citizens poured in from all parts on the trains in wagons, and on horseback. By noon the town was well filled up, and assumed a most lively appearance. The business houses were nearly all handsomely decorated with flags. Indeed there was a general awakening of public spirit, and although the mists continued to shut out the sunlight, everybody was cheerful and determined to do their best to entertain our visitors.

At sunrise a salute of thirteen guns was fired. And at eight o'clock a detail of twenty men from the Grand Army of the Republic to act as escort to the companies of soldiers who should arrive. The reception committee was also at the depot night and day to give attention to the soldiers arriving on the trains. A detail from Capt. Wright's company, Mo. State Guards, in their handsome uniform, and also the Macon cornet band was at the trains to extend courtesy to the numerous guests, citizens and soldiers who were coming in either on passenger or freight trains almost every hour in the day.

At noon the camp, which is handsomely laid out west of town on a splendid site covering fifty acres of ground presented as lively an appearance as a brigade on campaign in war times. At 3 o'clock p. m., the Macon band commenced to discourse the best of martial music from the stand in the grand pavilion and preparations made for the organization of the camp which had been named in honor of our deceased and greatly esteemed fellow-citizen, Gen. F. A. Jones.

The assemblage of veterans was called to order at three o'clock by Judge C. P. Hess, chief of the staff and Elder I. N. Wright invoked the divine blessing. After which Major and Acting Mayor S. G. Brock made a reception speech, extending a cordial welcome to the soldiers and sailors, veterans, and to the citizens who had come to the reunion. He assured them that the soldiers of our republic had always been welcomed to Macon and always would be. In her hours of darkness and gloom when the notes of war were heard in the land twenty years ago and now, in times of peace and prosperity which had been brought to us and our whole country by the sacrifices and labors of the soldiers who had reserved to us an undivided republic, that they had preserved the proud heritage bestowed upon us by our forefathers. Brig. Gen. David Moore, of Canton, Mo., was then introduced by Judge Hess as the highest in rank of the Union veteran soldiers present and placed in command of the camp.

He gracefully accepted the position although not expecting it, and spoke in very complimentary terms of the fine situation and handsome arrangement of the camp ground, and pronounced it elegant in every respect. Dr. R. H. Browne of Kirksville and Col. R. J. Eberman made short speeches that were well received. The assignment of the officers was then made as follows:

- Brig-General Moore, Commander of the camp.
- C. P. Hess, Chief of Staff.
- Maj. S. J. Wilson, Asst. Adj't. Gen'l.
- Col. R. J. Eberman, Asst. Quarter Master Gen'l.
- S. P. Bronson, Asst. Commissary Gen'l.
- N. S. Richardson, Surgeon Gen'l. and Medical Director.
- Col. J. H. Kinnear, Inspector Gen'l.
- Capt. Lewis Rider, Aides de Camp.
- Benj. F. Stone, de Camp.
- Lieut. Wm. F. Eagan, Camp.
- Maj. H. S. Glaze, H. A. Butler, Post Adjutant.
- H. F. Moore, Provost Marshal.
- Post Quarter Master.
- Capt. Rucker Wright, Provost Marshal.
- E. F. McMurphy, Quarter Master Sergeant.
- C. J. Bronson, Capt. Artillery.
- Abe. Gipe, 1st Lieutenant.
- A. R. Lemon, 2nd.
- Drs. John Burton, E. C. Still and E. A. Merrifield, Asst. Surgeons.

The State troops N. G. M. were under the command of Brig. Gen'l Wm. M. Vanclue assisted by the following staff:

- Col. John T. Jones, Asst. Adj't. Gen'l.
- D. E. B. Clements, Asst Surgeon.
- Capt. L. P. Nolan, Aide de Camp.
- Capt. Thomas A. Smeadly, Ordinance Officer.

After this arrangement the soldiers and citizens separated in groups and engaged in pleasant social intercourse.

Wednesday morning the organization and equipment of companies commenced in earnest and Wednesday afternoon a dress parade, with all the pomp and ceremony usual in an army camp took place on the parade ground. The trains came in from all directions through the day filled with soldiers and

citizens who repaired to the camp grounds, among these a company of 100 veterans from Trenton accompanied by a handsomely uniform band. Both the Macon and Trenton bands discoursed the best of martial music on the grounds and in town, and great enthusiasm existed among the old veterans who enjoyed themselves greatly, as the skies cleared up and the weather was quite pleasant. It was very interesting to witness the interviews of the heroic soldiers that had saved their country, and listening to them as they recalled the scenes and incidents of camp life, bivouac and battle-field, that had occurred from seventeen to twenty years ago.

Wednesday night and Thursday morning thousands more came in to Macon from all directions until the town and Camp Jones were filled with the throngs. In the morning there was a grand parade from the camp ground through the town, which was very creditable and was observed with great interest by an immense concourse of people. In the column was a company of colored veterans under the command of Capt. Robt. Powell, who acquitted themselves finely. The martial music of three bands, the tramp of the soldiers in column by platoon, the commands of officers and waving of flags was truly a soul stirring sight, and will long be remembered in Macon.

At one o'clock p. m. active preparations were made for the sham battle. A prominent hill top south of the camp, had been selected to represent a confederate fort, within which was a flag staff and upon it the confederate colors flying, Maj. S. J. Wilson in command. The artillery was also placed there in position, to mow down any attacking force. The union forces under the command of Col. Kinnear, on the right wing, and Capt. Gray on the left, assaulted the fort from two sides. As soon as they appeared at the distance of several hundred yards the artillery commenced to belch forth smoke and flame, but, undaunted, the union forces advanced to the deadly (?) conflict until the assaulting columns approached within a hundred yards of the abatis when roll after roll of musketry was heard, while the beleaguered troops sent shot and shell (?) thick and fast into the advancing columns, driving them back in great disorder. The union forces reformed and with a determination that would take no defeat: advanced with a yell of triumph, leaped over the entrenchments, captured the guns, and garrison, and pulling down the stars and bars, swung the star-spangled banner to the breeze. The prisoners were all kindly cared for, granted a parole and permitted to return to their homes.

Gen. David Moore on several occasions spoke in terms of great praise of the arrangement of the camp, the ample preparations made by our citizens to entertain our visitors and cordial hospitality extended to them. The same expressions were made by our visitors generally, and they generally expressed themselves as highly pleased and that they had enjoyed themselves greatly. The reunion was a great occasion to our citizens, and all took great interest in the whole program of exercises from the first to the last. The accommodations furnished were ample and at reasonable rates. We heard no complaints from any of the visitors. The best of feeling prevailed on the part of all.

At the sham battle Ed Moss was injured by a charge of powder striking him in the face. Charley Troester, policeman, was shot by some desperado, the ball making a slight flesh wound and one soldier received a bayonet wound in the cheek.

Great credit is due to the members of the executive committee who have worked zealously and against many obstacles to make the occasion a success. Friday was a beautiful day, and the soldiers that remained, and the citizen guests spent the time in pleasant social intercourse, and promenaded on the camp ground.

In the afternoon a company of the Grand Army of the Republic drilled and marched on the grounds and going through the manual of arms. Col. Hatch and W. J. Reese made short addresses.

The Reunion was a great success, a most enjoyable occasion, and will be remembered with pleasure by the soldiers and citizens, who were our guests, and by our own people.

Arrived at Macon City Oct. 10, at 9 a. m. The prospect looked gloomy, being wet and muddy from the rain that fell early in the morning. Went out to camp about 10:30 a. m. got tents of Judge Hess pitched my own tents and fixed for all parties that might want quarters from Adair county. At 2 p. m. speaking at the stand. Prayer. Speaking by Gen's. Moore and Vanclue, also Dr. Brown and others. Gen. Moore being the ranking officer on the grounds at 2 p. m., was put in charge of the camp.

ance, the N. G. M. done well having used Hardee drill.

Dress parade at 2:30 p. m. conducted by Gen. Moore. Organization at 3 p. m.

Oct. 11th. All troops parade the street of Macon City, at 11 a. m., by Gen. Moore. Col. Kinnear having com'd of the Reg't.

Sham battle at 3 p. m. The attacking force in com'd. of Col. Kinnear, composed of Co. E. filled up with old troops numbering 26 men and 2 officers on the right, Brookfield Co. H. next and two companies of old vets.

Maj. Gray in com'd of the enemy composed of N. G. M. of Macon City and Moberly, one of the old vets and one company of colored troops of Macon City, with two cannons. We charged the works of the enemy and after a desperate fight of one hour the enemy raised the white flag, and Co. E's colors were raised on the rks, when Capt. Falkenstein's little boy (Fogle Von Falkenstein) jumped upon the cession of the enemy's gun and played Yankee Doodle amid the cheers of all on the field of battle. Immediately after the battle it commenced raining, and such a rain, which spoiled the fun for the last day. Thus ended the 2nd Reunion in N. F. Mo., but we hope not the last. Let Trenton speak and the people of N. E. Mo., will hear and assist, that we meet again in 1883. Just So.

THE MISTAKES FARMERS MAKE.

An exchange, published in the interior of the State, speaks of the departure of an old settler for Dakota, where he will take up a quarter section of land and start in life again at the age of seventy. The case of the man is so near that of thousands of others, that a few comments may not be out of place. The man had a nice farm near a splendid town, where he had lived and brought up a family. He got tired of farming, sold the farm for six thousand dollars, moved to town and went into the lively business, and in three years went through everything except a team and a lumber wagon, and now he has packed up and gone to Dakota, with a heart heavier than his pocket-book, and he will die out there. The number of farmers that decide to go to town to live every year, and go into business, is appalling. Every town has them, and nine out of ten become poor. They get an idea that town business men are the happiest people on earth, and have an easy time, and they get to brooding over their hard life, and they think anybody can run a store, a grocery, or a lively stable, and they sell out the farm and go into business, because it seems so easy to weigh out sugar and tea. They can always find a grocery man who will sell out the remains of a sick stock of groceries for ready cash, and when the farmer first sees his name over the door of a grocery, he feels as though he was made, and puts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest. He used his money to stock up, pays cash, and his credit is good, and he buys everything that is shown him. The commercial traveler who first strikes the farmer grocer has it all his own way, and pretty soon the grocery is full. It generally takes a farmer two years to go through a 500-acre farm in the grocery business. Instead of the business being an easy, run-itself sort of lay out, it requires the best management of any branch of trade. The profits are small, and the waste is terrible. A grocer has got to be sharp as a tack. The farmer's girls and boys soon realize that they are merchant's sons and daughters, instead of farmers, and they have to keep up with the procession. There has to be lots of things bought as merchants that would never be thought of as farmers. The farm house furniture is not good enough, the democrat wagon gives place to a carriage, the old mares give place to high steppers, and the girls dress better, and do not work. The family lives out of the grocery, the boys play base ball, and the girls go to big parties. The farmer is a good fellow and trusts many other good fellows who can't pay, and in some cases he gets to drinking. Bills begin to come in, and he can't collect enough to pay rent. Friends that would help him out with money when he had a farm, will now tell him money is mighty scarce, and he will have to give a chattel mortgage on the stock.

The stock runs down until there's nothing left but a red tin can of mustard with a bull's head on it, some canned peaches and cove oysters on the shelves, a few boxes of wooden clothespins, six wagon loads of barrels with a little sugar in the bottom, a couple of dozen wash-boards, a box of codfish of the vintage of 1860, which smells like a glue factory, a show case full of three-cent wooden pocket combs and blueing, hair pins and shaving soap, some empty cigar boxes that the boys have smoked the cigars out of, and a few such things that do not bring enough at an auction to pay for printing the auction bills. Then the farmer breaks up and goes west, leaving a lot of bills in the hands of a lawyer for collection, who manages to collect enough to pay his commission, and the family that was so happy on the farm, and so independent becomes demoralized ythe girl marry chambermaids in liver, stables rather than go west, the boys go to driving hack or working on a threshing machine, or tending bar, and refuse to go west, and the old folks go to Dakota alone, and wish they were dead, and will be quick enough. This is the history of thousands of farmers who get tired of the old farm. If they would but realize that they are better fixed than nine-tenths of the merchants in towns, and that they cannot become successful merchants any more than merchants they would be learning something that would be valuable to them.—Pack's Sun.

The Gas trust of Philadelphia furnishes the city with free gas, and to private consumers makes a reduction of 10 cents per 1,000 cubic feet from last year's rates. By this action taxpayers are saved \$194,000 annually, while the aggregate saving to private consumers will be something like \$144,000.

A SCHOOL COMMITTEE CORNERED.

At an examination of a public school at Staten Island, the teacher, justly proud of his scholars, addressing the audience said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, to prove that the boys are not crammed for the occasion, I will direct one of them to open the arithmetic at random and read out the first problem. Then I shall invite a gentleman of the audience to work out the sum on the board, and commit intentional errors which, you will observe, the boys will instantly detect. John Smith, open the book and read the first question."

The scholar obeyed and read out: "Add fifteen-sixteenths and nine-elevenths."

The teacher turned to the audience and said: "Now, supervisor—, will you step up to the blackboard and work it out?"

The supervisor hesitated, then said "Certainly," and advanced a step or two, but paused and asked the teacher "is it fair to put the children to so difficult a problem?"

"Oh, never fear," replied the teacher, "they will be equal to it."

"Very well," said the Supervisor, "go on."

The boy began the question: "Add fifteen-sixteenths—"

"No, no!" said the Supervisor: "I will not be a party to over-taxing the children's brains. I have conscientious scruples against it. This forcing system is ruining the rising generation!" and he gave back the chalk and left the room.

"Well Judge Castleton, will you favor us?" asked the teacher, tendering the chalk.

"I would do so with pleasure," replied the Judge, "but I have a case coming on in my court in a minute or two," and he left.

The Sort of People That One Meets at Dances.

THE DEBUTANTE.
Who thinks the world all roses.
Who loves at sight the first man who proposes;
Believes that each admirer is sincere,
And cannot bear that men at love should sneer.

THE NEAT YOUNG MAN.
With high, well-starched collar,
And expectations! Really cash, a dollar;
Who dances like a well-made dance machine,
And wears a most depressed, indifferent mien.

THE KNOWING GIRL.
Who's waited through several seasons,
Not married yet! But then she has her reasons.
Who's always dressed with choice that makes girls jealous;
To please her partners this one is most zealous.

THE MAN OF YEARS.
No longer pleased with folly,
Who thinks that dancing's good, but supper's jolly;
Prefers to spend his time in conversation,
With perhaps, to sweeten it, the least flirtation.

THE CLEVER GIRL.
Who's great on education,
Whose talk is lofty and of long duration;
Who scorns frivolity, neglects her clothing,
Loves Women's Rights, and looks on men with loathing.

THE NERVOUS MAN.
Who stands up in a corner,
The very image of a new Jack Horner;
The sort of man who asks (with slight glancing)
At his fair partner, "Are you fond of dancing?"

THE PRETTY GIRL.
Of whom men ask, "Who is she?"
And women murmur that she's far too gushy;
Of whom few guess, who meet her with some glance,
She has a heart, a thing apart—from dances.

THE TAME YOUNG MAN.
Who talks about the weather,
And hopes your step and his go well together.
Agrees to every single word you utter,
Can't dance a bit, and then begins to stutter.

THE ANXIOUS GIRL.
Not been out much before,
But very willing to go out much more;
Who, when she's asked to dance, looks very grateful,
Flicks her eyes at men, and thinks that boys are hateful.

THE FARTING MAN.
Who falls in attitudes,
Talks to each girl of love—in platitudes;
Looks lingering looks which seem to breathe devotion,
And doesn't feel, himself, the least emotion.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.
Who drops in for an hour,
Who generally wears some large, white flowers;
Who quotes from comic songs, and sculls of smutty men, and thinks that boys are hateful.

THE CHAPERON.
Who sits with smiles so weary,
To her dance must be a thing right dreary;
Who beams upon young men with lots of money;
For poor young men her looks are not so sunny.

THE GENERAL CROWD.
The average man and maiden,
With never too much brain or beauty laden;
But he will see, who at these lines once glances,
The sort of people that one meets at dances.

—Belgravia.

NINA'S CONFESSION.

At last they have given me pen, ink and paper. At last I can write out my story and send it into the world—the world that shall judge me and whose judgment I do not fear.

I glanced up just now from my busy writing. What did I see? A room scrupulously clean and neat. But there is something odd—something wanting. What is it?

Oh, I see! There is not a piece of china, a piece of glass, a single article of bric-a-brac which lends to any apartment that graceful air of living. And why? Because china might be broken, and sharp edges cut. They do not even leave me an ivory paper-knife to cut the leaves of the magazines which lie upon my table.

Perhaps you have guessed the secret I am about to tell you. I am in a mad-house and they call me mad.

I had to lay down my pen here and laugh. How strangely my laughs sounds in this quiet room!

I was eighteen when my uncle brought me to his home. He had but one daughter, a year younger than myself. She was still at school. Would that I had never seen her fair, false face! I should have been Donald's wife then, and now—but I have not told you of Donald.

He was my uncle's partner. To my uncle he was almost a son. Indeed, I always think it had been his cherished hope that one day he would sustain him in this relation; but he was to die, he was constantly at our house. I shall never forget the first day I saw Donald Craig. I loved him then, I love him now; I shall love him in my grave. I was sitting alone in the library, gazing dreamily into the fire, when he and Uncle Frank entered together.

"Nina, dear," said the latter, "Mr. Craig dines with us to-day. Let me present him to you."

We went in to dinner later, but I could eat nothing, nor did I talk much. He talked, and I listened; but after dinner, of my own accord, I went over to the piano, opened it, and sat down. First I let my fingers idly wander over the keys, then I struck a prelude and began to sing.

Before my song was finished Donald had risen and crossed to my side. I knew that he would come; I knew that I had begun to exercise my power—the power which I made oath to myself should usurp his life.

No one spoke when I finished; no one spoke for an hour, when I arose from the piano.

Donald drew a long sigh, as of one surfeited with ecstasy.

He came very often after that evening. Oh, how I looked forward to his visits; how I hungered for his presence; how I thirsted for his voice! Yet I knew—knew always—that he did not love me. I fascinated, I bewitched him, but I could not touch his heart.

To every sense I appealed except the sense of loving. In vain I strove to disguise the truth from myself. It was always before me. Yet he could not stay away from me. There were times when he made the effort. He always failed, and I could see his anger at his failure.

No matter where he was, what he was doing, I could wish and will him to my side. Of this secret control he had no idea; but all the same it fretted and galled him.

So the months flitted away, until the summer came, and brought with it, with its sunshine and its birds, of which she seemed so fitting a part, the return of my cousin to her home.

I was, as I have said, but a year her senior, but she seemed to me a veritable child—a doll, a plaything.

Of course we had met before—she had been home from time to time on her holidays; but then I had seen nothing, suspected nothing. It remained for the long summer days and moonlight nights to reveal to me the truth—Donald loved her. Yes, my uncle's dream had at last been fulfilled. Should it? To my own heart I swore never!

One evening she was ill, confined to her room with a severe nervous headache. He came as usual, and when told he could not see her, was about to leave.

But when he stopped for a few moments' conversation with my uncle, I crossed to the piano and began to sing. In ten minutes he was by my side. I burst into an impassioned love-song, my heart's misery and longing found vent. I let the last notes die in a sob, then I arose and slipped my hand through his arm.

"Take me into the air," I whispered; "I am stifling!"

Together we crossed over to the window opening upon the veranda; but, as he walked, he staggered like a man intoxicated with drink.

"Donald!" I whispered.

"Hush!" he said. "You are a witch!" and turned to leave me.

"Donald!" I cried again. "If I were indeed a witch, I could make you love me. Look at me, Donald. Am I hideous in your sight?"

His breath came short and quick.

"Donald!" I said again, but now my voice had sunk to a whisper, so low that even the night winds failed to catch it—"kiss me, just once!"

This time he did not start away. My words had entranced him. He bent his handsome head. In another moment his lips would have touched mine, when a little hand swept away the curtains from the window. Pale and wondering, Rita looked out at us from the shadows of the room. In an instant Donald had sprung to her side. I had forever lost him. Neither missed me as I passed in and away from them, though I heard her say—

"If I feel better, and there was something so strange about Nina's song it startled me, and I came down to see."

Before she slept that night she knocked at my door.

"I want to tell you how happy I am," she whispered, as she kissed me. "To-night, Donald asked me to be his wife—to-night; yet only a little while ago, as I stood in the window, Nina, and saw you both together, I was almost jealous; but I never shall be jealous again. Donald said so."

He is so strange, too. He is so eager for our marriage. He begs that it may take place almost at once. He is going abroad, he says, and wants to take me with him."

I don't know how I answered her; but at last she left me alone. My brain was on fire. My blood like molten lead coursed through my veins. The weeks that followed were weeks of torture. Everything was hurried preparation for the wedding.

I laughed as I watched it all. I alone knew that it never should take place. I did not even longer strive to exercise my power over him. I fancied sometimes that people watched me strangely, but I was very guarded.

Well, it was the night before the wedding. I had said "Good-night," and gone early to my room. It opened into Rita's with a communicating door. When she came up stairs I pretended to be asleep, but she bent over me and kissed me.

An hour after, I got up and crossed over to my table. There I took up a pretty little Venetian dagger—a toy which had belonged to my mother. I smiled as I felt its sharp blade.

"It will not hurt," I whispered; "but she will sleep the sounder."

Then I softly opened the door and entered her room. She lay on the bed asleep. One white, rounded arm was thrown above her head and her lips were smiling.

I only stopped to look at her, and think how lovely she would be dressed in her coffin in her wedding-dress. Yet I was far more lovely than my rival. My rival! Yes, that was the secret. It was for this she must die.

Where was her heart? There, and there only, must I strike. Ah, I could see it beat! I raised my arm.

Another moment and it would have fallen, but in that instant someone seized it from behind and wrenched the weapon from my grasp. I turned, to look into my uncle's white, stern face. From that moment, and for long weeks and months, I remembered nothing more. When I regained consciousness I found myself here—here behind grated bars, and with human eyes all ways upon me.

Rita is married, they tell me, but I do not believe them. Some day Donald will give me love for love! Cold and passionless, what can he teach him of the heart's true fire? One of these days he will waken to the truth, and come to claim me as his bride. Why should I try to take my life? He is coming. I am content to wait—yes, quite content, and so I smile and let them call me mad.

A San Francisco landlady hired a beaten chambermaid, who said he was a "Christian," and "Christ heap good man." When Sunday came the regenerate Ah Sin proceeded to raise the boarders at daylight, in order that he might enjoy the day of rest to himself. The boarders raised a row, the "maid" was discharged, and took his departure saying meekly, "All life." After he had gone it was found that he carried the keys of all the rooms, and seventy boarders were locked securely in. The landlady is now hunting for help not so devout.

A young lady is missing from Bethany. If any of our people see uncommon large tracks in the dust, please notify the Bethany papers.—Gentry County Democrat.